

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Present State of Hayti, (Saint Domingo,) with Remarks on its Agriculture, Commerce, Laws, Religion, Finances, and Population.* By JAMES FRANKLIN. Post 8vo. pp. 420. London, 1828. Murray.

MR. FRANKLIN tells a very different story from that which we have been accustomed to hear in various quarters; but we are not on that account the less inclined to pay attention to his narrative. He asserts that he was himself at one time dazzled by the favorable descriptions to which we allude, and was almost converted to the opinions of the eulogists. Subsequent intercourse with the country led to a more correct estimate of its present condition; and that estimate he now places before the public, in the hope that it will be of service to the merchant, if not of interest to the general reader. In the early pages of his volume the author combats the prevailing notion of the flourishing condition of Haytian commerce, and advances many plausible arguments in support of his assumption that it annually sustains a considerable diminution.

Charlevoix, Raynal, Edwards, Walton, and other writers, having recorded every thing of importance from the earliest discovery of Hayti, to a very recent period, Mr. Franklin (who does justice to the labours of his predecessors,) considers *his* task to consist in a display of the striking contrast which the present situation of the republic exhibits, compared with that which it presented previous to the revolution,—to give a brief sketch of Hayti as it *is*, with an occasional reference to Hayti as it *was*.

The earlier chapters are full of interesting information relative to the causes of the revolution in the colony,—the proceedings of Ogé, Toussaint, Dessalines, Christophe, &c. Of the latter, Mr. Franklin entertains a very high opinion, and believes that had he lived, he would have raised his country in affluence and in civilization; 'his death,' he continues, 'has sunk the former, and retarded the latter; and the people, now left to pursue with an unlimited range their own propensities, will dwindle again into that condition of ignorance which is characteristic of the early periods of the revolution.'

Of the successor of this impetuous chief, we have the following description:—

'Jean Pierre Boyer, who succeeded the late president, Petion, and who consequently became chief of the countries of his predecessor and of Christophe united, is a native of Port au Prince, and is about forty-eight or fifty years of age. He is a mulatto, but somewhat darker than the people of that class. His father, a man of good repute and possessed of some

wealth, was a store-keeper and a tailor in that city. His mother was a negress of the Congo country, in Africa, and had been a slave in the neighbourhood. He joined the cause of the commissioners Santhonax and Polverel, with whom he retired, after the arrival of the English, to Jacmel, when he joined General Rigaud, whom he accompanied to France, after the submission of the south to the authority of Toussaint. On his voyage thither he was captured by the Americans, during the short dispute between France and the United States, and after the adjustment of the differences between those two powers he was released. Having resided in France some time, he, with many other persons of colour, attached himself to the expedition of Le Clerc, and accompanied that armament for the subjugation of the colony; but on the death of that general, he joined Petion, who successively appointed him to be his aid-de-camp, private secretary, chief of his staff, general of the arrondissement of Port au Prince, and finally named him for his successor in the presidential chair.

'Boyer is below the middle size, and very slender; his visage is far from being pleasing, but he has a quick eye, and makes a good use of it, for it is incessantly in motion. His constitution is weak, and he is afflicted with a local disease, which compels him to be exceedingly abstemious. He is fond of parade and exterior ornaments, as is the custom of the country, but he does not display his propensities for them, except in compelling those of his staff and household to appear in all their embellishments. He is but little seen among his people, except on a Sunday, when he appears at the head of his troops, and after reviewing them he rides through the city, attended by a cortege of officers and guards. He is exceedingly vain of his person, and imagines that it is attractive and captivating, and that his manners are irresistible.

'I shall now proceed to notice a few of the proceedings of Boyer after his elevation to the supreme command in the republic.

'I remarked in the last chapter, that the commander of the troops of Christophe at St. Marc, on finding that his soldiers had determined on a revolt, had sent to inform Boyer of the circumstance, and invited him to proceed to that place and take possession of it. No sooner had Boyer received this intimation than he made preparations to march into the north. He took only a few troops, consisting of his horse and foot guards, being aware that there would be no resistance to his advance, and that the people were ready to submit to him without any opposition. This was pleasing to the president, who, as it has been observed before, never showed any disposition for hostile measures, and that fighting was a trade to which he was unaccustomed, and for which he had no predilection. On his arrival at St. Marc, he received the submission of the inhabitants, and was joined by the revolted troops of Christophe; and he also received informa-

tion of the death of that chief, and that General Paul Romain, Prince du Limbé, had declared for the republic. He had, therefore, nothing to apprehend from any interruption likely to be given to his advance. On the 21st of October, 1820, he entered Gonaives, which received him without any opposition, and on the 22d he proceeded for the city of Cape Haytian, and the capital of Christophe, the inhabitants of which had made great preparations to receive him; he entered it the same night at the head of 20,000 men, and on the 26th he was proclaimed president of the north. General Romain called upon the people to receive the president with every demonstration of joy, and to acknowledge the people of the south as true Haytians and brothers, with the usual salutations of "Long live the Republic of Hayti!" "Independence, Liberty, and Equality!" and "President Boyer!"

Soon after Boyer had succeeded in incorporating the north with the southern government, the eastern or Spanish part sent a deputation of the principal inhabitants to the president, at Port au Prince, tendered the submission of the people of the east to the republic, and solicited that their country might be incorporated with it.

'By the annexation of the eastern part, therefore, the whole island became subject to one government. From Cape Tiburon to Cape Sumana, and from Cape Nicolas Mole to Cape Engano, the power of Boyer extended, leaving no competitor to disturb his arrangements, nor to attempt to defeat those views which he contemplated for the preservation and repose of his dominions.

'That a work of such magnitude should have been accomplished in so short a period, and without even the loss of blood and lives, seems more like the effect of magic than the result of the efforts of man; and so exceedingly vain was Boyer of the event, that he was known to declare that he thought himself like Bonaparte, and that he was endowed with almost supernatural power, and an agent of the divine will to scourge those who had previously oppressed the people. He believes nothing to be the result of chance, or the effect of time and misrule; and arrogates to himself the capacity of accomplishing any thing which he may design and wish to execute.

'After having reduced the whole island quite under his subjection, it was thought that Boyer would take into his immediate consideration its condition so far as regarded agriculture, commerce, and finance; and that he would resort to wise and judicious means by which the prosperity of the whole would be greatly promoted; that he would infuse a spirit of emulation into the cultivators, because there was nothing to interrupt their tranquillity, and they might pursue their labour unmolested and undisturbed. But this was not done; he seemed to be quite insensible to the good effects that would result from the encourage-



ment of agricultural labour; and his people became so perfectly obstinate and indolent, that nothing could be obtained from them. Commerce also, which in the time of Petion began to decline, grew worse, and as the country produced but little, the people had the means of supplying but few wants; in fact it appeared very evident that Boyer wished to adopt a system of governing different from that which had been pursued by any of his predecessors. His plan has been to keep his people ignorant of artificial wants. By this means he expects the more easily to obtain from the produce of the soil the supplies required for the wants of government; in this he persists against all the suggestions of those persons who are capable of pointing out the disadvantages that must accrue from this line of policy. Finding his wants great, and that he had no means of supplying them from the products of the soil, or from the revenue arising from his commercial intercourse, he was driven to a fresh issue of debased coin, and to the project of working the mines in the different parts of his dominions, forgetting that the finest mine which Hayti possessed was in that soil, the very rich and productive quality of which was the theme of every man's praise. Nothing can show greater ignorance than considering gold and silver as real, instead of artificial wealth; or greater folly than exploring mines, whilst agriculture is neglected. The issue of the debased coin must, some time or other, be attended with all those evils which the inability to redeem it at its full value will inevitably bring on, and particularly in a country the inhabitants of which are in that very backward state of knowledge, where its expediency,—if it could be expedient to resort to an issue of it,—was beyond their conception, or the nature of the loss caused by it beyond their comprehension.

Of Port au Prince Mr. Franklin gives us the following uninviting picture:—

'The streets are straight, running from north to south, and from east to west, and are sufficiently wide and commodious; but the roads are in such a state as to be quite impassable for carriages; and although the government levies a heavy tax for repairing them, and the criminals sentenced to work on them are numerous, yet but little is accomplished towards putting them into a state of repair at all suited for vehicles of any description, and after a heavy rain they are totally impassable for people on foot. The members of government are quite unconcerned about any thing tending to improve the appearance of their city, towns, or country; they seem, from the president to the lowest individual, absorbed in vice, living in sloth and sensuality, careless of every thing, so long as they may be permitted to indulge in the indolence and excesses so predominant in the habits of the Haytian people. The houses are merely the remains of such as stood the ravages of the revolution, and those wooden edifices which were built since the two destructive fires in 1820 and 1822, which consumed one third of the city, containing all the most valuable buildings, with property in them to a large amount. The city, therefore, to a stranger approaching it from the sea, has an odd appearance, exhibiting nothing but dilapidation and decay, or as if it had just suffered from the effects of some violent convulsion; and there seems no disposition to repair or improve it. In the time of the French the whole of the streets were paved, but the pavement since then has been mostly destroyed and never re-

paired. The houses on each side had virandas and trees in front of them, whose foliage, impervious to the solar rays, afforded the inhabitants a promenade, without being exposed to the influence of the sun; but the trees have been all destroyed, and only an occasional viranda is to be seen. The public buildings consist only of the government house, the arsenal, senate, and communes' house, and it is no difficult matter to describe them. The first was the residence of the governor during the French régime, and at that period must have been a splendid edifice. It is low, as are all the houses in the West Indies, built so on account of the frequency of earthquakes, but it is commodious, and commands a fine view of the sea. The gardens are represented to have been splendid, and in the front was a fountain (jet d'eau), which had a supply of water sufficient for all the purposes of the governor's establishment; but they are now a mere waste, the fountain destroyed, and the house externally exhibits more the appearance of a barrack than the seat of government. The arsenal is contiguous to the sea, and might be destroyed by a gun-boat, for it has nothing to defend it but a battery, mounting two or three guns. It contains all the arms, artillery, and ammunition of the government, and shows the folly of the president who established it immediately within the range of an enemy's guns. The senate-house is a low irregular building, and was formerly used as a dwelling-house, and since that period it has never received either repair or ornament, for it is tumbling to pieces, and has a filthy appearance, for the want of a little attention. The communes' house has more the appearance of a receptacle for lunatics; and really if one were only to visit it during the sittings of the chamber, it would not be surprising if an impression were made that the lunatics of the republic had congregated in it, instead of reasonable men to deliberate upon the affairs of their country. The cathedral has nothing in its external appearance to point it out as a place appropriated for divine worship; it is a square building, with a single roof, without any steeple, with an ascent to it of about three or four steps on the western extremity. There is but little to attract in the interior decorations and ornaments; the altar is constructed of gewgaws and tinsel; above it is a painting by a modern artist, representing the union of the blacks and people of colour. The figures are two officers embracing; one is in the uniform of a general of hussars, and the other in that of a general of infantry, one black and the other a mulatto. The back ground represents a field of battle in which the Haytians have just gained a victory over the enemies of the republic. There is an organ, but a small one, and not at all remarkable for either its tones or its structure. There is nothing else in the cathedral, and it is in fact a libel on the name to call it one.

'Upon the whole nothing can be said in favour of the city of Port au Prince; and if it stood unrivalled in point of elegance and splendour in the time of the French, in the days and under the government of President Boyer, it is only remarkable for ruins and every species of filth and uncleanness. It contains about thirty-five thousand inhabitants of all classes.'

'Through the whole of the republic I believe there is not a decent inn for the accommodation of travellers; at all events, I never had the good fortune to find one, nor did I hear of one in any direction. There are huts on the road side, into which those who are travelling some-

times go to obtain lodging for the night; but even in these, a bed would not be easily found, and instead of a pallet, some boards thrown on the floor must suffice to repose on. On the summit of the mountains of Tavite, there is a hut of this description, and on passing that road on one occasion I was benighted, and took up my abode there until morning. A bed I was unable to obtain, there being only one in the house, and that was taken up by a Frenchman, who had arrived a little before me. Mine hostess of the mountain, however, being a good-natured sable creature, was kind enough to prepare a place on which I might recline during my stay. Whilst she was engaged in adjusting my apartment, I thought it a measure of necessity to prepare myself for it by a copious libation of brandy, as a somniferous cordial; a great requisite in these Haytian inns, as one is sometimes rather disturbed by an insect that is very common in them, and of which it is not an easy matter for a man to disencumber himself, as they evince an extraordinary pertinacity in adhering to the body, and excite a sensation not at all calculated to invite sleep. Having fortified myself against the offensive operations of my dreaded enemy, I prepared to enter my apartment, but this was attended with some difficulty, its dimensions being only sufficient for a dwarf, and not calculated for a person somewhat beyond the middle size. I was obliged therefore to resort to the plan usually adopted on board of small vessels, by putting my head in first, and then by degrees to get in my body and legs; and this place about four feet square, on boards covered with my cloak, being one of those apartments of the inn usually appropriated for strangers, became my lodging for the night. To sleep was impossible, for the bugs, rats, and croaking lizzards, haunted me the whole night, and I rose again before daylight just as fatigued as when I arrived the evening before, and with the additional knowledge of having a dollar to pay for my bed. The houses of the negroes in the British colonies are palaces compared with this inn for travellers; and yet this is one of the most frequented places in the republic.'

On the state of the sugar plantation, Mr. Franklin observes,—

'The cane is not often planted. Most of the cane pieces on plantations are old, probably they were planted by the French, or subsequently in the time of Toussaint. They exhibit an appearance of age, for their circumference is small, and their joints are not more than three inches apart, nor do they ever exceed four feet in length. These are very seldom manured or trashed, nor do they receive any attention from the time of cutting until they are again ready for the mill the following year. There is no such thing as stirring the soil between the rows at particular times, nor do the cultivators ever trouble themselves about divesting the cane of its superfluous and decaying leaves, so as to open a free course for the air through the whole. Nothing of this is done in Hayti. The fertility of the soil, the congeniality of climate, and the regularity of seasons, suffice for manure, and the rest is left to nature. Art and the industry of man contribute little or nothing to the growth of the cane. The hoe and other implements of tillage are rendered useless by indolence, the planter's unconquerable love of ease having brought them into disrepute; and I shall be somewhat astonished if the Code Rural will have power enough to revive their use.

'The same irregularity attends the operations



at the mill, the boiling-house, the distillery, and the other departments of the plantation. I have been through them often, and have been surprised at the want of order which every where prevails. There is nothing systematically arranged,—every thing seems in confusion; the works are detached, and resemble more a heap of ruins than conveniences for manufacturing and distilling. The interior of the boiling-house would astonish a Jamaica planter: the several boilers are not ranged in succession from the receiver to the teache, as they are in the British colonies. They are placed without rule, and in their manner of conveying the liquor from one copper to another the waste is considerable; and this is observable, too, in all their operations. There is nothing like cleanliness in their works; filth and every species of dirtiness are to be seen in them; and this is prevalent, although they must be sensible that it is injurious, and often destructive to the quality of the sugar. The distillery department is also very injudiciously constructed. They take no pains to keep the heat at the proper degree requisite for fermentation: every thing has the appearance of negligence, and conveys to the observer a very bad specimen of Haytian skill in the art of manufacturing sugar or of distilling spirits. They do not often make rum: I only know of one or two plantations on which rum is distilled, and these are conducted by Englishmen; one in particular at Aux Cases, a Mr. Towning, who has an extensive distillery. He produces rum, which, in point of flavour, strength, and every other quality, I do not think inferior to that of Jamaica. To all persons who visit Aux Cases, this gentleman is well known for the hearty and hospitable reception he always gives to a stranger. He is the only person in Hayti who devotes his attention to the distillation of rum. The Haytians cannot distil it; they are ignorant of its principle, and consequently confine themselves to the distillation of what is known in the British colonies under the denomination of low wines. The flavour of this spirit is most unpleasant; which arises, I conjecture, from the ingredients thrown into the fermenting vessels, and from which it is distilled: these, consisting of the molasses from the boiling-house, with all the sweepings of the works, with a proportion of water from any pool, however stagnant, if pure water be not near, I apprehend give to the spirit a very acrid quality, as well as a fetid smell. It is, however, held in great estimation by the people, who drink it freely, and they can obtain it cheap. Upon the whole, there can be no difficulty in declaring that the Haytians are ignorant both of the cultivation of the cane, and of the process of manufacturing sugar.

It is evident that sugar is not much cultivated, as in every district throughout the republic there are only a few plantations to be seen in the plains of Cul de Sac and vicinity of Port au Prince where sugar is produced. There were, in the time of the French, about one hundred and forty sugar estates, very few, if any, with less than one thousand acres of land, one-fourth of which would be in canes, and the remainder in pastures and other crops. Now in the same space there are not more than twenty estates, and in each of them there cannot be found more than from forty to fifty acres of canes, the remainder of the land being in a neglected state, overrun with different weeds. President Boyer has an estate within a small distance of Port au Prince, called Tor, the favourite residence of the late Petion. This

plantation has upwards of two thousand acres of land attached to it, and, from the great strength of the soil, it is impossible to select a spot more eligible for the production of sugar. But there are not more than forty acres of the land in canes. This, however, is not singular; it is general throughout the island. When the sugar cane in Hayti was cultivated properly, and received the requisite care and attention in the several stages of its growth, it produced very abundantly. Bryan Edwards gives an average of two thousand seven hundred and twelve pounds of sugar per acre through the island; and at this period I have been informed, and, in fact, I have seen it calculated myself, that in the plains of Cul de Sac and Leogane the average does not exceed one thousand pounds of sugar per acre; and an experienced planter, on looking at the canes when they are ripe for cutting, would conclude that they would not produce so much. Formerly, a pound of sugar was obtained from a gallon of juice in some districts, in others, sixteen pounds from twenty gallons, and in some, sixteen pounds from twenty-four gallons; but now it requires nearly treble the quantity of juice to produce the same quantity of sugar; and this must remain so, until a new system of cultivation be tried, and the management of the plantations be entrusted to men of experience, men who have been practical planters, and who are conversant with the whole of its duties; men, I say, who have a perfect knowledge of the soil, its capabilities and its wants for the work of tillage, and who will devote their time and attention to all the minutiae of plantation labour. If such a system should ever be pursued in Hayti, and there be labourers to cultivate, and capital can be invested securely, then sugar planting may be carried on with some chance of a successful issue; until this take place, I have great doubts whether the culture of the cane will prove profitable to the occupier of the soil.

With regard to the coffee and cotton plantations, Mr. Franklin is equally instructive, indeed, there is nothing connected with the commerce of the country, or the manners and morals of the inhabitants, that does not find in him an able and agreeable expounder.

*Herbert Lacy.* By the Author of Granby. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn. 1828.

HERBERT LACY is one of a class of fictions which is almost sure to be perused with pleasure by every one, because every one finds in such productions something affecting his daily interests or affections. The novelist has only to draw a faithful picture of the society in which he has been accustomed to move, be that society what it may, rejecting the wholly superfluous characters, and 'bringing out', to use an artist's expression, the more important, and he can scarcely fail to command a very large proportion of admirers. This is a seemingly easy course of proceeding, but it is so only in seeming—a fact sufficiently demonstrated by the heaps of trashy attempts which, for the last half century, have been almost daily issuing from the press. *Difficile est proprie communia dicere.* This difficulty has been surmounted by the author of the volumes before us. He has not the Salvator Rosa-like power of Lady Morgan, nor the brilliant Stothard-like sketchiness of Lady Charlotte Bury, but he can paint a

portrait with Lawrence himself—never 'o'erstepping the modesty of nature,' yet tracing every nice distinction of character with the hand of a master. The following extract will give our readers a favourable idea of the lighter portions of the work. The dramatic personæ consists of a party driven to their last resources, by that most awful of all occurrences to a fashionable knot *à la campagne*—a rainy day. We merely premise that Mr. Lacy is the hero, and Agnes Morton, the heroine of the tale; and that Lacy's perception of the beauty and amiable qualities of the lady, is gradually destroying the prejudices which an old family feud had hitherto raised against her:—

'Luncheon came at last, and a great resource it was; for there was change of place and something to do. But the employment of eating was of short duration; and then, after lounging about the rooms of the principal suite, they were all at length re-assembled in the long gallery library, which, both in the morning and evening, was the principal place of rendezvous. They soon became variously employed. In the opposite corners of the same sofa sat Lady Appleby making a purse, and Lady Malvern reading a novel. Lord Malvern, the only person who seemed really busy, was writing at a distant table; and his Lordship of Appleby fast asleep with a newspaper on his knee. Mr. Tyrwhitt was teaching a poodle to walk upon his hind legs; Mrs. Poole and Miss Tyrwhitt enlivening themselves with a noisy game at backgammon; and Hartley sitting near, inventing paragraphs for their amusement, and making cross-readings in the newspaper. Lacy was alternately occupied in talking, reading, drawing caricatures on the back of a letter he had just received, and watching the proceedings of Agnes, who was replacing some broken harp-strings.

'More was done than said, till the occupations of most of the party came at once to a conclusion. The noise of the dice and backgammon men ceased; the novel was laid down; the harp was strung and tuned; and those who were lately so busy, seemed all at once inclined to find their best resource in conversation.

"Who knows anything of the Norton theatricals?" said Mrs. Poole, first breaking the silence. "Mr. Lacy, you were last there."

"I have had an account to-day," said Lacy. "The last event was a laughable tragedy—a complete chapter of accidents—Richard's hump slipped under his arm—Lady Anne put him in bodily fear, by her awkward manner of pretending to stab him; and Henry Slingsby, who played Buckingham, threw all into utter confusion, by repeating, not only his part, but his cues."

"Lord!" said Mrs. Poole, "what could they expect when they made that creature act in a tragedy! He has not a serious thought about him. I must say, I like him nevertheless. His laugh is delightful."

"Yes," said Lady Malvern, with a caustic air, which she copied from Lady Rodborough, "it is a pity he ever does any thing else. I allow that he is an incomparable laugh. Nobody is so amusing at a room's length; but you lose the effect if you hear what he says."

"Ah! you are like me," said Miss Tyrwhitt; "I like laughing for laughing sake."—"I am sure," pursued Lady Malvern, "that in Slings-



by's case, it is better to have his laugh without his nonsense."

"Very good, faith!" said Hartley. "Lady Malvern, I am sure you would approve of my friend Congleton's style of proceeding: when he is going to tell what he thinks a good story, he always has his laugh first;—famous good plan that—it does not interfere with any body else's laugh, and you may get out of the way before the story begins. I know most of Congleton's pet jokes—you have no idea what fun it is to watch his manœuvres to bring them to bear. Nobody lays a train better. Poor Miss Cateaton! it was a shame, really—the other day, under pretence of helping her, he dropped an atlas upon her tender toes, and said that she had had all the world at her feet. I don't think his joke was worth his trouble."

"It was doubly cruel," said Lady Malvern, "to a woman who never had a proposal—which, I am sure, I don't wonder at, though Agnes looks as if she did."—"I certainly do," replied Agnes. "Then I am sure, my dear Agnes," pursued her sister, "You must have a peculiar talent for wondering. What could any body have seen in that plain, prim, old Miss Cateaton?"—"She was young once, and I should think pretty," said Agnes; "and she must always have been good humoured and pleasing."—"I am glad you don't say 'pleasant.' 'Pleasant' and 'pleasing' are very different—as much as 'amiable' and 'aimable.' I dare say it is very possible that she may fully deserve the character you give her; but one expects a great deal more in people that pretend to live in the world. Anything like dowdiness would ruin an angel; if a woman has not fashion, she is quite lost—nothing can save her—the world does not stop to make distinctions."—"Louisa, you are hard upon the poor world," said Agnes, with a smile.—"Oh, I can give you instances," continued Lady Malvern, in the same tone. "Only look at those Lady Hornbys—poor girls! they are pretty, to be sure, though rather in a tame style—and I suppose they may be pleasing. Then they have accomplishments, I am told, though they seldom bring them out with effect. But, after all, they are mere nobodies—they don't get on."—"Or go off, which is more important," said Mrs. Poole. "No," added Lady Malvern, "and they are never likely—they want fashion—they are not in the first set, or ever will be. And then, poor creatures! where are they seen? They just creep to Almack's, to help to fill the room on the first two or three nights of the season; and nobody sees them anywhere afterwards. Then, Lord Bewdley, their father, worthy man! thinks of nothing but drill husbandry, and her ladyship of gardening; and they allow themselves to be always surrounded by a set of hum-drum relations. It is very injurious to the girls, in town especially; and I wonder they suffer it."

"They are certainly very kind to their relations," said Agnes, "and I like them for it; and for their independence. They never struggle and manœuvre for introductions and invitations; they never beg, and flatter, and expose themselves to more trouble, and more humiliation too, than society is really worth. I should say of them, that they liked society for its own sake. They have no ambitious feelings of finery and exclusiveness; they go to see those whom they really like, and not to be seen themselves. It always seems to me that there is much more real dignity in their quiet unostentatious mode of proceeding, than there is in that of many others, who have been always

striving to get on, and think themselves entitled to look down upon them."

"Oh, I agree with you," said Mrs. Poole; "I hate pushing people—mere fashion is as bad as no fashion. There are the Penleys—look at them; there is an instance of mere fashion. They are people of neither family nor fortune; they have been living for the world, and at the world, and are always studying effect—laying trains for invitations, and angling for acquaintances. As soon as the labours of the town season are over, they set off to the watering places in search of 'Desirables.' The daughters are fine showy girls, but not quite to my taste; they are what my friend, Lady Ashborne, calls 'laboriously elegant'—so *maniérée*—so dressy—always tricked out with such wonderful care in the newest Frenchifications. But Gentlemen are the best judges of ladies. What should you say of them, Mr. Lacy?"

"What one might say of most Frenchwomen," replied Lacy, "that they look like figures stepping out of the leaves of the 'Journal des Modes.' I hope they would take my remark as a compliment."—"I would not be sure of that," said Hartley. "They have never forgiven me for asking whether they communicate with their Paris milliner by telegraphs or carrier pigeons."

"I think you are all rather severe upon the Miss Penleys," said Agnes. "I won't try to defend them against the shocking imputation of being always too well dressed. I am afraid they are guilty, and, of course, they must bear the dreadful consequences. Perhaps, too, they may seem rather *maniérée*—that I allow—but I don't think that they are really affected."

"*Maniérée*, and not affected!" interrupted Lady Malvern. "Nay, Agnes, have some pity for my weak comprehension; I cannot understand such fine distinctions. Pray, enlighten me. What is the difference?"—"There is almost as much," said Agnes, with a smile, "as you lately made out between 'pleasant' and 'pleasing.'"—"A fair retort," said Lady Malvern, though not an explanation. But you cannot say that the Penleys are not pushing, manœuvring people. I don't know, otherwise, how you will account for their having got on so well."—"They are agreeable," said Agnes, "and the daughters handsome, and that must account for a great deal."—"Perhaps so," replied Lady Malvern; "but that does not excuse their being such inveterate match-hunters. They are always cruising after a good 'partie,' always thinking of an establishment."—"And never succeeding," said Mrs. Poole.—"And yet," observed Agnes, "they are said to be able manœuvrers, and to make this their principal object. I think their not succeeding ought almost to acquit them."

Our next quotation exhibits the author's talents in a different but not less favourable light. Sackville is the villain of the story—Allen, a petty scoundrel, the tool of Sackville, who holds him at his mercy by the possession of a draft forged by Allen, upon a Mrs. Denham. The transaction, from motives of compassion, had never been made public, and on her death-bed, Mrs. Denham had confided the document to Sackville, with orders for its immediate destruction. The latter had, however, preserved it for other purposes. We cannot quote the whole of this dialogue, and must therefore premise that Sackville is urging the reluctant Allen to the execution of a new piece of villainy:—

"A silence ensued. Sackville turned away,

leaving his hint to operate; and Allen, with a dark and troubled countenance, was reflecting on the most advisable answer to such a denunciation.

"I do not wish to disobey you, sir," said he, "and I will give you a proof of it. Here, sir, at this moment, I am ready to promise to do what you ask, upon condition that you will first grant me one little favour."—"I cannot listen to conditions; I asked for compliance, without reserve."—"Nay, but the favour is so trifling."—"Well, then, name it."—"Then, sir, I ask you to let me first see—that paper." Sackville regarded him with surprise and suspicion.—"You have made a strange request," said he? "what profit or pleasure can you find in looking at your own forgery?"—Allen returned no answer.—"This is mere trifling, Allen. If you have a sufficient reason, tell it; but don't suppose that I can go out of my way to gratify an idle whim."—"I am sorry to hear it, sir, because, in this case, neither can I go out of my way to do as you desired me."—"Good God! but consider the consequences."—"Yes, sir, I do consider the consequences, and I shall leave them to follow as they may. I am very sorry to seem to thwart you, but I really cannot comply unless you grant me this favour."—"I understand it," thought Sackville. "The rascal has taken it into his head that I have not the power I assume; that the paper is defective, or not in my possession. Perhaps it is better to undeceive him. A refusal would only confirm his suspicions."—"Allen," said he, sternly, "I cannot commend the reasonableness of your request; but nevertheless, it shall be granted;" and so saying, he quitted the room, leaving Allen alone to all the gloomy retrospect of guilt, and the fearful hopes which he had then before him. His motives were partly such as Sackville had conjectured; but in addition to these, he had also proposed to himself the bold measure of forcibly seizing and destroying the forged paper. In a set struggle with Sackville, who was a strong and well-made man, he could have little chance of succeeding; and he could therefore depend only upon craft, and the unexpectedness and rapidity of his movements. While he was arranging his plan of attack, and nerving his courage for the encounter, Sackville re-entered the room.

"The first thing he did was to lock the door. Allen's anxious eyes were instantly turned towards him in expectation of the paper; but he saw no such object in Sackville's hand: he saw only the startling spectacle of a pistol, a powder horn, and a bullet. Sackville neither spoke nor looked at him, but walked to the other end of the room, and deliberately began to load his pistol. Allen's heart sunk within him.—"Mr. Sackville! the paper?" said he, inquiringly.—"Sackville neither looked up, nor answered him a word."—"Mr. Sackville—I trust—I don't understand—I hope you will oblige me."—"Still no answer."—"Mr. Sackville, for God's sake—pray explain!" said Allen, advancing.—"Stand back," interrupted Sackville, sternly.—"I am not alarmed, sir," continued Allen; "I am still prepared to ask the same; it will do you little credit, sir, to attack a defenceless man. Pray consider—"

"Peace! peace!" cried Sackville, with a look of scorn, "Do you think, if I wish to shorten your miserable life, it would not be the easier way to let the gallows do its office? I shall not take the trouble to hurt you;" and then having loaded his pistol, he rose and went to a large bureau which occupied a recess in



the room. This he opened, and drew forth the ominous paper which contained Allen's forgery. He then turned towards that person, and approached him, holding in one hand the paper, and in the other, the loaded pistol—"Allen," said, he, with a milder air, "you must excuse my precautions. Documents like this, which hold the power of life and death, are not to be shown lightly, especially to those who are interested in destroying them. I will not suppose that you thought so meanly of my discretion, as to imagine that I should put this into your hand as I would a newspaper. No—first look here;" and so saying, he presented the pistol, levelled it at Allen's breast, and cocked it. Allen started, and shrunk backward, in alarm. "Compose yourself," continued Sackville, coolly, "and listen to what I am going to say. You are aware that with one slight motion of this forefinger, I could put an end to your existence; yes—I see you are aware of it—good—and now I am going to gratify you. Here is the paper you wished to see. You shall not only see it, sir, but you shall hold it in your own hands. You may read, scrutinize, spell every syllable, count the letters if you choose; but—if you make the slightest attempt to destroy it—move but one finger with such an intention, and that minute will be your last. There, receive your forgery."

"So saying, he placed in Allen's hand the paper on which hung his life. A deathlike silence ensued. Allen stood motionless, holding before his eyes the fatal document, with the muzzle of Sackville's pistol about a yard from his breast. The situation of Allen was inconceivably tremendous, and thoughts of the most terrible nature were conflicting in his mind, while his eyes were wandering over the writing, of which he distinguished not a line. Even at that moment, and in spite of Sackville's awful threat, he was meditating the destruction of the paper; and once he looked up to try if he could discern any symptoms of mercy or irresolution in the aspect of his opponent; but he was met by a glance of deadly determination from Sackville's eye, which indicated at once that he had not threatened one tittle that he would not execute."

"Allen's countenance fell; his resolution seemed to be blasted by that glance, and he felt his flesh creep with terror. All the awfulness of his situation burst at once upon him. He held in his hand one instrument for his own destruction, and another was before him. The deadly paper, and the deadly pistol—death by the law, and by the hand of Sackville—were present to his mind at once, and he seemed like a wretched captive, so environed by forms of death, that he could in no way fly from its influence. This impression, and the terrible risk he was meditating, were too powerful for his resolution. Cold drops started from the forehead of the miserable delinquent; his lips quivered; his eyes looked glazed and wandering; his whole frame seemed to totter; and, with a trembling hand, he restored the paper to Sackville. The latter received it in silence, and surveying, with a look of contemptuous compassion, the pale and trembling figure of the unfortunate Allen, he poured out a glass of water and offered it to him to drink."

"Take this," said he: "you have need of it: you have exposed yourself to an unnecessary trial; but you little thought it would be so severe. You will be wiser for the future. And now," pursued Sackville, after a short pause, "I conclude that you will not refuse to do what I require."—I submit," replied the other.—"Then

you have nothing to fear; and if you second my views effectually, you shall have much to expect."—Here ended the conversation, and the worthy confederates separated."

We must here come to a close. The tale is replete with interest, and the reader is puzzled respecting the actual denouement almost to the last chapter, a point of no little importance, and not very easily compassed. The style is elegant and unaffected, and we take our leave of the author with the hope of speedily having a third opportunity of exercising our 'grey goose quill' upon his labours.

## LANZI'S HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY.

(Concluded from p. 809.)

IN proportion with our more intimate acquaintance with these volumes, is the increase of our astonishment at the indefatigability of their author, and our admiration of the noble result of his labours. When we consider that his researches have not been limited merely to books, but that much of his information was derived from actual inspection, and that for the discovery of fresh facts, and the verification of the relations of former writers, he left scarcely a spot in Italy unvisited likely to afford him intelligence, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that it will be long indeed ere the arts again meet with an historian possessed of even one-fourth the zeal and taste necessary for the production of a work like the history before us. Of the result of these inestimable qualities, applied to general research, we have already afforded examples in our former notices; of their success, when applied to more particular investigation, the following admirable account of the extraordinary school of the Caracci will advantageously illustrate. 'To write the history of the Caracci,' says our author, 'and their followers, would in fact be almost the same as to write the pictorial history of all Italy during the last two centuries.' It is singular too, that the first member of this extensive school, Lodovico Caracci, was of a nature apparently so inactive as to have acquired among his fellow students the nickname of the Ox, and was actually advised by his Bolognese master Fontana, and by Tintoretto, who directed his studies at Venice, to abandon the arts entirely, so slender appeared the chances of his ever acquiring any degree of proficiency. But Lodovico was better acquainted with his own capabilities, and after patiently pursuing his studies under the most eminent artists of his day, he returned home and endeavoured to form a party among the rising pupils at Bologna.

'In the first instance, he sought support in his own relatives. His brother Paolo cultivated the art, but was deficient both in judgment and in ability, and calculated only to execute with mediocrity the designs of others. On him he placed no reliance, but a good deal on two of his cousins. He had a paternal uncle named Antonio, by profession a tailor, who educated his two sons, Agostino and Annibale, at home. Such was their genius for design, that Lodovico was accustomed to say in his old age, that he had never had, during his whole professional career, a single pupil to equal them. The first devoted his attention to the goldsmith's art—always the school of the best engravers; the

second was at once the pupil and assistant of his father in his calling. Though brothers, their dispositions were so opposite, as to render their society insufferable to each other, and they were little less than enemies. Accomplished in letters, Agostino always sought the company of learned men; there was no science on which he could not speak; at once a philosopher, a geometrician, and a poet; of refined manners, ready wit, and averse to the pursuits of the crowd. Annibale, on the contrary, neglected letters, beyond the mere power of reading and writing, while a natural bluntness of manner inclined him to taciturnity, and when compelled to speak, it was mostly in a satirical, contemptuous, or disputing tone.

'On devoting themselves, at the suggestion of Lodovico, to the pictorial art, they still found themselves opposed to each other in genius, as they were in manners. Agostino was timid, and extremely select, backward in resolve, difficult to please himself, and was never aware of a difficulty that he did not encounter, and attempt to vanquish it. Annibale, in common with numbers of artificers, was an expeditious workman, intolerant of doubts and delays, eagerly seeking every remedy for the intricacies of the art, trying the most easy methods, and to perform much in little time. Had they indeed fallen into other hands, Agostino would have become a new Samacchini, Annibale a new Passerotti; and painting would have owed no improvement to their efforts. But their cousin's fine judgment led him, in their education, to imitate Isocrates, who, instructing Ephorus and Theopompus, was accustomed to say, that he was compelled to apply spurs to the one, and a rein to the other. With similar views, he consigned Agostino to Fontana, as an easy and rapid master, and retained Annibale in his own studio, where works were carried to a higher perfection. By such means too he kept them apart, until riper age should by degrees remove the enmity subsisting between them, and convert it into a bond of amity, when devoted to the same profession, they might unite their capital, and mutually assist each other. In a few years he succeeded in reconciling them, and in 1580 he placed them at Parma and at Venice, of which an account has been given under those schools. During this period Agostino collected materials for his varied learning, and enlarged his design; and, as before leaving Bologna he had made great progress in engraving under Domenico Tibaldi, he continued in Venice to practise it under Cort with such success, as to excite his master's jealousy, who drove him, but in vain, from his studio; for Agostino was already esteemed the Marc Antonio of his time. Annibale, devoted to a single aim, both at Parma and Venice, continued to paint, availing himself of the works and conversation of illustrious men, with whom at that period the Venetian school abounded. It was then, or shortly subsequent, that he executed his beautiful copies of Coreggio, Titian, and Paul Veronese; in whose taste he also conducted some small pictures. Several specimens of these I saw in possession of the Marchese Durazzo at Genoa, displaying opposite, but very graceful styles.

'Returning accomplished artists into their native place, they struggled long and nobly with their fortunes. Their first undertakings consisted of the exploits of Jason, in a frieze of the Casa Favi; these, though conducted with the assistance of Lodovico, were vituperated with excessive scorn by the old painters, as deficient both in elegance and correctness. To



this censure, the credit of these masters who had flourished at Rome, who were extolled by the poets, adorned with diplomas, and regarded by the declining age as pillars of the art, seemed to give weight. Their disciples echoed their words, and the crowd repeated them; and such murmurs proceeding from a public, gifted with as much volubility in conversation as would suffice for purposes of declamation or controversy elsewhere, wounded the feelings of the Caracci, overwhelmed and depressed them. I was informed by the accomplished Cav. Niccolò Fava, that Lodovico's change of fortune, along with that of his cousins, occurred on an occasion, and at a period little differing from the above; which is supported by a tradition to the same effect. The two cousins had executed the frieze in the same hall where Cesi adorned another, in opposition to it, with histories of Æneas. The work, conducted in the old style, was certainly beautiful, but Lodovico, in the new, painted another chamber with other histories, twelve in number, of Æneas, of which mention is made in the Guide of Bologna; histories in no way inferior to those in the Casa Magnani. Here was the beginning of the Caracci's fortune, and of the fall of the old masters, Bologna at length preparing to do justice to the worth of that divine artist, and to verify in respect to Cesi that sentence of Hesiod, of which, to the best of my ability, I here offer a version from the Greek, as follows:—

'Folle chi al più potente fa contrasto!  
Che perde la vittoria; e sempre al fine,  
Ultra lo scorno, di dolor si è guasto!  
Opera V. 210.

'Fool, that will dare to cross the path of one  
—More powerful! and ever to the loss  
Of victory, at last add scorn and grief.

It was now that the Caracci, more than ever confident in their style, answered the voice of censure only by works full of vigour and nature, opposed to the works of older masters, feeble and void of truth. By such means that revolution of style which had so long been meditated, at length took place; but it became necessary, in order to accelerate it, to bring over the students of the art to their party, the better to insure the hopes of a new and improved era. This too the Caracci achieved by opening an academy of painting at their house, which they entitled *Degli Incamminati*, supplying it with casts, designs, and prints, in the same manner as those of their rivals; besides introducing a school for the drawing of the naked figure, and for the study of anatomy and perspective: in short, every thing requisite to the art; directing the whole with a skill added to a kindness that could not fail to procure it abundance of pupils. In particular, the fiery temper of Dionisio Calvart contributed to fill it, who, being in the habit of striking, and even wounding his disciples, drove Guido, Albano, and Domenichino, to transfer their talents to the studio of the Caracci. Panico too entered it from the school of Fontana, and from all sides the best young artists assembled, drawing after them fresh ranks of students. Finally, the other academies were closed; every school was left to solitude; every name gave way before that of the Caracci; to them the best commissions, to them the meed of praise were accorded. Their humbled rivals soon assumed another language, especially when the grand hall of Magnani was thrown open, presenting the wonders of the new Carracesque art. It was then Cesi declared that he would become a disciple of the new school; and Fontana only

lamented that he was too grey-headed to keep pace with it, while Calvart alone, with his usual bravado, ventured to blame the work, being the last of all to recant, or at least to become silent.

'It is now time to record the pursuits and the maxims of an academy, which, besides educating many illustrious pupils, perfected the art of their masters; and confirmed the axiom, that the shortest method of learning much is that of teaching. The three brothers were on the most perfect understanding as to the art of teaching, as free from venality as from envy; but the most laborious branches of the professorship were sustained by Agostino. He had drawn up a short treatise of perspective and architecture, from which he expounded to the school. He explained the nature of the bones and muscles, designating them by their names, in which he was assisted by Lanzoni the anatomist, who also secretly provided the school with bodies for such dissections as were required. His lectures were sometimes founded upon history, at others upon fictions; and these he illustrated, and offered for designs, which being exhibited at stated intervals, were examined by skilful judges, who decided upon their respective merits; as we gather from a ticket written to Cesi, one of the arbiters. The meed of fame was sufficient for the crowned candidates, round whom the poets collected to celebrate their name; with whom Agostino enthusiastically joined both with harp and voice, applauding the progress of his scholars. These last were likewise instructed in true criticism, and to give due praise or blame to the works of others; they were also taught to criticise their own works, and whoever could not give good reasons for what he had done, and defend his own work, must cancel it upon the spot. Each, however, was at liberty to pursue what path he pleased, or rather each entered upon that to which nature had best adapted him, which gave rise to so many original manners from the same studio; yet each style was to be founded upon reason, nature, and imitation. In all more doubtful points, recourse was had to the opinion of Lodovico; the cousins presided over the daily exercises of design, full of assiduity, industry, and perseverance. Even the recreations of the academicians had a view to art; to draw landscapes from nature, or to sketch caricatures, were the customary amusements of Annibale and the disciples of the school, when they wished to relax from study.

'The maxim of uniting together the study of nature, and the imitation of the best masters, already touched upon in the outset of this book, formed the real foundation of the school of Caracci; although they took care to modify it according to particular talents, as we have seen. Their object was to collect into one whatever they found most valuable in other schools, and in this process they observed two methods. The first resembles that of the poets, who, in several Canzoni, propose different models for imitation; in one, for instance, borrowing from Petrarch, in another from Chiabrera, in a third from Frugoni. The second method is like that of those, who, being masters of these three styles, form and harmonize them into one, like Corinthian metal, composed of various other kinds. Thus the Caracci, in some of their compositions, were accustomed to present different styles in a variety of different figures. So Lodovico, in his Preaching of St. John the Baptist, at the church of the Certosini (where Crespi is especially opposed to Paul Veronese,) has exhibited the audience of the saint in such

a manner that a judge described them by these names:—the Raffaellesque, the Tizianesque, and the imitator of Tintoretto. Annibal, too, who had long admired only Coreggio, having finally adopted Lodovico's maxim, painted his celebrated picture for the church of St. George, where, in his figure of the Virgin, he imitated Paolo; in that of the Divine Infant and St. John, Coreggio; in St. John the Evangelist he exhibited Titian; and in the very graceful form of St. Catherine, the sweetness of Parmigianino. Most generally, however, they pursued the second path, and still more examples might be adduced of less apparent and more free and mixed imitations, so modified as to produce a whole of a perfect original character. And the ingenious Agostino, emulating the ancient legislators, who embodied all their laws in a few verses, composed that very picturesque, rather than poetical sonnet, in praise of Niccolino Abati, but which also well explains the maxim of their school, in selecting the peculiar merits of each different style. It has been handed down to us by Malvasia, in his life of Primaticcio, and runs as follows:—

\* \* \* \* \*  
'To paint for fame, who nurtures high desire,  
Will Rome's design keep ever in his view;  
To the Venetian shade and action true,  
Of Lombardy's whole colouring never tire;  
Kindle at Michael's terrors, and his fire,  
Seize Titian's living truth, who nature drew;  
Allegri's pure and sovereign graces too;  
To Heavenly Raphael's symmetry aspire:  
Tibaldi's solid sense, appropriate air,  
And Primaticcio's learn'd inventive thought,  
With Parmigiano's graceful sweetness fraught.  
And should all these ask too much studious care,  
Turn to our Niccolino's bright display  
Of wondrous works, the envy of his day.'

\* \* \* \* \*  
'In action and expression they aimed at vivacity, but without ever losing sight of propriety, of which they were extremely observant; and to which they were ready to sacrifice any of the graces of the art. In taste of invention and composition, they come near that of Raffaello. The Caracci were not lavish of their figures, conceiving twelve sufficient for any historical piece, except in crowds or in battle-pieces, where they were still moderate, in order to give greater relief to particular groups. That they were competent to compose with judgment, learning, and variety, is fully apparent from their sacred histories represented on altars, where they avoided, as much as possible, the very trite representation of a Madonna between various saints. This truth is still more remarkably shown in their profane histories, and in none better than those of Romulus, in the family just before mentioned. The three relations there appear universal in the art, as perspective, landscape, and ornamental painters, masters of every style, and centering in one point of view whatever is most desirable in any single work. The three artists seem to disappear in one; and the same is observed also in several galleries and churches of Bologna. They followed the same maxims, and in the same studio designed in union with one another, conferring and taking measures how best to complete every work in hand. In several instances it still remains matter of doubt whether pictures are to be attributed to Annibal or to Lodovico; and the three scriptural histories of the Sampieri, in which the three relations wished to display their respective powers, do not exhibit a diversity which might essentially characterize their respective authors. Some



indeed there are who may detect in Lodovico a more general imitation of Titian, than is observable in the cousins, Agostino inclining more to the taste of Tintoretto, Annibal to that of Coreggio. It has sometimes been remarked that the figures of the first of the three are light in form, those of the third, robust; while those of Agostino hold a middle rank. At Bologna I found Lodovico enjoying most repute for a certain elevation and grandeur; Agostino for his inventive powers; Annibal for grace.

This is a long excerpt, yet we conclude it unwillingly, and somewhat abruptly. It is sufficient, however, to shew, that it is not in the mere accumulation of facts that Lanzi has displayed such rare ability, his numerous observations on the general character of the different schools, and his criticisms of individual pictures are equally remarkable for impartiality and excellent taste. The gradual variations of style in each master, and the causes to which they may with probability be attributed, are also traced with a care and success which cannot be too highly appreciated.

The specimens we have given render any compliment from us with respect to the mere style of Mr. Roscoe unnecessary; but it may be worth while to remark, that he displays a familiarity with the language of art which would induce us to believe that he did not, as is too frequently the case with translators, go to his task ignorant of all but the *language* of his original. If the great republic of art owe a heavy debt of gratitude to the Abate Lanzi, Mr. Roscoe has a claim of equal comparative magnitude upon the English department, for thus enabling all its members to become sharers in the treasures which abound in this inestimable production, which we doubt not will speedily hold a conspicuous place in the library of every artist and collector in the United Kingdom.

THE CLARENDON PAPERS.  
(Continued from page 790.)

THE Honourable Lawrence Hyde's Diary of the Particular Occurrences during his Embassy to John Sobieski, in 1676, will be found to contain many amusing descriptions of the political and diplomatic intrigues of that period, 'when,' observes Mr. Singer, 'ceremony and squabbles for precedence seem to have been among the most important functions of an ambassador.' This portion of the work, however, we pass over, and continue our extracts from the Diary of the Earl of Clarendon, in 1688-9:—

'Dec. 18. Tuesday. I stirred not out. I was told the three lords came to Whitehall last night after the king was in bed. The English guards being first removed, and the Dutch possessed of their posts, the lords were quickly admitted to the king; and when they had delivered their message, the king told them, he had rather return to Rochester than go to Ham; whereupon the lords went back to Sion, and brought the king word by nine this morning, that his majesty might go to Rochester if he pleased; and about eleven the king took barge and went down the river, Dutch guards being appointed to attend him. About four in the afternoon the prince came to St. James's, where he took up his quarters. I went to court, but the crowd was so great I could not see the

prince. Lord Mulgrave was at the bed-chamber door, in hopes to get the first admittance. Bentinck accosts him thus—"Comment! milord, vous avez quitté votre bâton." The other replied, "Il est bien temps."

Dec. 19. Wednesday. It is not to be imagined what a damp there was upon all sorts of men throughout the town. The treatment the king had met with from the Prince of Orange, and the manner of his being driven, as it were, from Whitehall, with such circumstances, moved compassion even in those who were not very fond of him. Several of the English army, both officers and soldiers, began to murmur. The king lay last night at Gravesend, and went this morning to Rochester. He took up his quarters at Sir Richard Head's. I was at St. James's; where I presented Lord Preston and Sir John Ernle to the prince. When the Prince of Orange came from Abingdon, the Prince of Denmark went to Oxford to meet the princess there; where they refreshed themselves some days, and this evening came to town.

Dec. 20. Thursday. In the morning I went to St. James's, but saw not the prince: there was no getting to him for the continual concourse of all sorts of people who were there: and every one desired to be admitted to him. I had no business; but resolved every day to go thither, to see how the world went. \* \* \*

'Dec. 23. Sunday. In the morning I sent Richards to Rochester, with a letter from the Bishop of Ely to Mr. Keightley. In the afternoon I went to St. James's; the prince took me into his bed-chamber. He asked me, if the peers met again to-morrow? I told him, yes. He then asked what I thought we should do? I said I could only tell him my own mind; and that I should endeavour that we might proceed upon his highness's declaration; which I hoped he would keep to, as the only foundation upon which to make the king and the kingdom happy. The prince heard me with great patience; and very calmly said (when I expected he would make me some answer), "My lord, the king is gone from Rochester." "Whither, sir?" said I; "I know not," replied the prince; he went away about one or two this morning." I was struck to the heart; and, without saying one word, I made my leg, and went home as fast as I could. I had not been long in my chamber, when Mr. Belson and Mr. Keightley came to me. They told me, that as soon as they got yesterday to Rochester, Keightley went presently to the king, and told him, that Mr. Belson was come to speak with him from several of his old friends, upon matters of the greatest importance. The king was going to supper; when he had done, he told Keightley that he was going in to write letters, and that he would speak with Mr. Belson this morning. That when he went this morning to wait on him, he found his majesty was gone privately away in the night; that he had left a letter upon his table for my Lord Middleton; and this was all they could tell me. Good God! what will become of this poor, distracted, and distempered nation? In the evening the Bishop of Ely and Sir Thomas Clarges were with me, full of astonishment, as every body was, at the king's being again withdrawn. It is like an earthquake.

'Dec. 24. Monday. In the morning the lords met, and sat till past five at night; a good preparation for Christmas! See the Journal. My Lord of Canterbury came not; the Bishop of Ely and I sent to him; but the king's being gone had cast such a damp upon him, that he would not come; which many of us

were sorry for. His declaring himself at this time would have been weight among us. What the prince had spoken to the lords at St. James's was first read; to my apprehension there seemed a great consternation among the lords. Several things were stated, as the reading the prince's declaration, but that would not be yielded to. It was moved (by Earl Berkeley, as I remember,) to inquire what was become of the king, that Lord Aylesbury was in the house, who had been at Rochester, and might possibly give some account; that Lord Middleton had a letter from the king; that that letter might be seen. It was moved by several, that the letter might be sent for, which took up some debate, and I believe had been carried, but that Lord Godolphin said, he had seen the letter, and did assure the lords, it would give them no satisfaction; and so that matter fell. Most men believed that lord true to the king's interest (which, I confess, I did not) and, therefore acquiesced in what he said. It was urged, that by the king's withdrawing himself the government was fallen; that it was a demise in law. It was moved, that the learned counsel might give their opinions, as to that point; and it being likewise moved, that the questions put to the counsel might be stated in writing, and they to give their answers in writing, that matter fell. It was moved, that we should take into consideration, how we might get a free parliament, as the only way to attain to a settlement. I moved again the reading the prince's declaration, and that we might inquire into the birth of the Prince of Wales; whereupon Lord Wharton replied to this effect—"My lords, I did not expect, at this time of day, to hear any body mention that child, who was called the Prince of Wales. Indeed I did not; and I hope we shall hear no more of him." It was urged (as I remember, by Lord Paget), that the king's withdrawing was a demise in law; and, therefore, he moved, that the Princess of Orange might be declared queen. He was seconded by the Bishop of London and Lord North; but the Earls of Pembroke and Nottingham opposed that motion; they spoke with great moderation and tenderness towards the king, as did several others. Those who were most bitter and fierce were the Lords Devonshire, Montague, Cornwallis, and Delamere. It was moved by some, that those members who were returned upon the writs, which had been issued out (though the rest were stopped) might meet at the time specified in the writs, and that they should order the other elections to be proceeded in, and adjourn for some days till they were returned; but this was slighted. At last, after many things had been started, the result of all was, that an address should be made to the Prince of Orange to take the administration of the government, and to write circular letters to all the counties, cities, and universities, and cinqueports, to choose representatives to meet in a convention at Westminster, on the 22d of January next. See the journal. And, that no time might be lost, the lords resolved to meet again to-morrow in the afternoon. This morning Sir Henry Reynell, of Ireland, was with me, and very earnestly pressed me to move, that we might proceed upon the writs already returned. Mr. Bowyer, of the Temple, was with me upon the same point, and Sir Thomas Clarges seemed inclined to the same.

The good earl appears to have been much grieved by the levity of the Princess of Denmark\*, whose conduct at this critical juncture

\* Mary herself has not escaped condemnation on the same ground, both from the Duchess of Marlbo-



was universally considered unbecoming: January 17, he writes—

'In the afternoon I was with the Princess of Denmark. I told her of the discourses of the town, that the Prince of Orange and her sister were to be crowned king and queen; the prince to be king during his life, in case the princess died without children, which would be to the prejudice of her royal highness; and that, it was said, she had consented to it, that it should be so; to which she said, she had indeed heard the rumours, that the Prince and Princess of Orange were to be crowned, but she knew nothing of it; but she was sure she had given no occasion to have it said, that she had consented to any thing, for nobody had ever spoken to her of such a thing; that she had indeed been told, that Dr. Burnet should talk of it, but that was all; and she would never consent to any thing that should be to the prejudice of herself, or her children, for she is now with child. She added, that she knew very well the commonwealth party was very busy; but she hoped, the honest party would be most prevalent in the convention, and would not suffer wrong to be done her. I told her if she were of the mind she seemed to be, she must let it be known to some of both houses before the meeting, and that she had not much time to lose; to which she replied, she would think of it, and send for some to come to her. I asked her if she thought her father could justly be deposed? To which she said, those were too great points for her to meddle with; that she was very sorry the king had brought things to the pass they were at; but she was afraid it would not be safe for him ever to return again. I asked her what she meant by that? To which she replied "Nothing." I then told her, I hoped her royal highness would not be offended if I took the liberty to tell her that many good people were extremely troubled to find she seemed no more concerned for her father's misfortune; that people who were with her in her late progress took notice, that when the news came of the king being gone, she seemed not at all moved, but called for cards, and was as merry as she used to be; to which she said, they did her wrong to make such reflections upon her actions; that it was true she did call for cards, because she used to play, and she never loved to do any thing that looked like an affected constraint. I answered, that I was sorry her royal highness should think, that showing a trouble for the king her father's misfortunes, should be interpreted by any as an affected constraint; that I was afraid, such her behaviour rendered her much less in the opinion of the world, even with her father's enemies, than she ought to be. At all this she seemed not one jot moved.'

Here we close our brief notice of these volumes, repeating the opinion with which we set out,—that they form at once a curious and important addition to the historical literature of our country.

*Nichols's Progresses of James I. Parts XIX. and XX.* London, 1828. J. B. Nichols.

HAVING, on the appearance of each part of this curious and interesting work, taken some pains to indicate to our readers all its more

rough and Evelyn. She, however, finds an advocate in Mr. Singer, who conceives that she was not deficient in natural sensibility, but that her attachment to her husband and his interests, weakened, if not obliterated, her parental character. 'She had not,' he observes, 'the art to throw a veil over her predominant feelings at the prospect before her.'

striking features, we are spared the necessity of any retrospective survey of the volumes in their complete state. The parts now on our table, and which wind up a series of antiquarian and literary labours, of which there are few parallels, contain (exclusive of the epistolary notices of public occurrences at home and abroad, connected with the English court, in 1623, 4, 5, and 6.) Ben Jonson's *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, the opening verses of which are remarkable for what Mr. Gifford considers the first allusion to the colouring of china, which, at this period, began to make its appearance, in what were called the 'china houses of the capital.' There is also 'the *Masque of Owls*,' which, according to the same authority, should rather be considered a monologue, a *Lecture on Heads*, 'and which,' continues he, 'such as it is, probably gave the first hint to G. A. Stevens, for his amusing exhibition of that name.' 'The *Fortunate Isles*, and their Union,' is the last and not the least pleasing of these valuable reprints. A very circumstantial account is given of the illness, death, and funeral obsequies of James, in 1624-5; and to these is added, a bibliographical list of the tracts which appeared on that occasion. In the appendices to each volume will be found many explanatory and amusing incidents; the indices are copious and well arranged, and the entire work is calculated to give satisfaction to the many distinguished subscribers, and to procure additional patronage from the public.

*An Oration, introductory to the Study of the Healing Art, delivered by JOHN CHARLES LITCHFIELD, F. L. S., &c. in the School of Surgery, Sidmouth Street.* 8vo. pp. 44. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

SOME weeks ago we had occasion to review a work by Mr. Litchfield on lithotomy, and were forced to express ourselves rather harshly on that performance, in consequence of the piracy of Sir A. Cooper's Lectures; it is, therefore, a pleasant task to be able to observe of the present Oration that it is *original* and highly interesting; it appears to be an introductory lecture, delivered to a class of medical students at the formation of a new school of anatomy and surgery, and really contains much practical information, that is to say, advice to *tyros* commencing a science which immediately relates to the welfare of man. We give the following extracts as a specimen of this pamphlet:—

'None should enter any of the learned professions, particularly that of medicine, from its liability to destroy that divine blessing—health, unless educated in a liberal manner, so as to render them fit and capable to embrace it with propriety. There are, however, instances on record, of men who have attained the very summit of their professions, who yet laboured under every disadvantage both of fortune and education. Our own profession furnishes numerous examples; I shall only instance one individual—John Hunter. All who read the history of this great man will feel convinced that he was favoured with a mind of a very brilliant description, for his writings bear the marks of ingenuity and reflection; yet I do verily believe that his extraordinary powers of intellect were principally

the consequence of his unceasing application; he evidently had a decided preference for his art and science, and pursued it with diligence; he embraced every means likely to contribute to its advancement: the taste for his profession, united with uncommon application, in my opinion, constituted the superiority of John Hunter; for it is not even uncommon for men of very moderate abilities to discover truths, by patient and cautious inquiries, which had escaped the notice of a more exalted genius.'

Again he very justly observes, that—

'John Hunter certainly did for surgery what Sir Isaac Newton did for astronomy, viz. gave it body and consistence, and made it what it never was before—a system of truth, which he illustrated and proved by experiment; in fact, science has received from his exertions an imperishable lustre.'

In his observations on the study of anatomy, as a principal branch of medical education, we find the following passage:—

'During our professional career, whether attached to the army, navy, the service of the East India Company, or confined to private practice, we shall meet daily with cases where the friendly aid of anatomy will be required; nay more, we shall have proved to us, in a manner unequivocal, that nothing can be done (save mischief) in our medical capacity without it. Continually must he be compelled to refer to the facts of anatomy, in order that he may bring important ideas to light, prior to the prescribing of a medicine, and more particularly the performance of an operation. It must always shine a star of the first magnitude to the surgeon of character, from its proving useful on all professional occasions. Without it, we practice in the dark; without it, we should, during the treatment of a disease, place our expectations merely on chance, and thereby plunge ourselves, and particularly our patients, into an abyss of unnecessary pain and misery. Should we, through ignorance (of anatomy) destroy life, we shall, provided we are entitled to the name and character of Christians bearing in mind the sacred precept, Do unto others as you would they should do unto you, have implanted within us the sentiments of sorrow, remorse, and despair, so as to render our lives insupportable burdens.'

The Oration abounds with excellent precepts on all branches connected with medical science, which, we trust, the orator's pupils will take care to avail themselves of, as they do credit to Mr. Litchfield as a teacher; and (notwithstanding the carelessness of the style) we recommend his work to the medical profession at large.

*British Geographical Game.* By a LADY. London, 1827. S. Low.

'THERE is,' says a certain poet, 'a tide in the affairs of men,' and the fair inventor of this useful game aware, no doubt, that there is likewise a tide in their pleasures, and that at this time of the year it is likely to be at its full, comes at a very opportune season with her small but valuable cargo, to enrich, while amusing the mind of the interesting part of the community, whose welfare has called forth her exertions. If there is one study which, more than any other, requires the combination of amusement with instruction, it is that of geography, generally dry and uninteresting to the youthful mind; and we confess we have never seen any contrivance



by which that desirable end was so likely to be procured as by the Geographical Game, now lying before us. Calculated, therefore, as it is to convey, in a pleasing manner, much instruction on a most useful branch of education, this little work has our warmest approbation, and we particularly recommend it both to parents and children at this time of the year, when the former wish to bestow, and the latter hope to receive, so much pleasure and gratification.

*The Juvenile Forget Me Not; or, Cabinet of Entertainment and Instruction for 1828.* 12mo pp. 149. London. Hailes.

We can confidently recommend this little work to the notice of those parents who may be desirous of making a useful and amusing present to the younger branches of their family. It does not contain a single sentence which the most scrupulous would wish to see expunged; the general style is easy and familiar, without descending to vulgarity, and each article contains pleasing information, or a pointed moral. A strong religious feeling prevails throughout the volume, but totally distinct from methodism and cant—the poetic pieces are the least to our taste.

#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

##### THE SAGAS, OR ANCIENT LITERATURE OF THE NORTH

[The following notice respecting the Sagas, or ancient Literature of the North, is translated from an able article in the *Revue Encyclopédique*, and cannot, we think, fail to be of much interest to the readers of *The Literary Chronicle*.]

THE northern countries of Europe possess abundant historical resources, interesting not only to those particular countries, but also to the other regions of this quarter of the globe, and to America, in consequence of the relations which have successively existed between Scandinavia and the rest of the universe.

The learned of Denmark and Sweden, and every enlightened admirer of historical science, have long contemplated, with much satisfaction these fruitful mines, which only require to be explored for the production of real and extensive literary riches. But a somewhat tardy reflection has rendered them aware that to prevent loss, it is necessary to watch attentively over wealth so worthy of being preserved; for nothing remains stationary—to advance or to retrograde is the alternative to which every thing earthly is subjected.

Many learned men had derived great advantages from the ancient Literature of the North. They had been encouraged in their labours by the protection of the Danish monarchs, whose munificence in favour of science and letters has never been questioned. But it was reserved for our own times to observe a general interest in these sometimes neglected literary treasures, and the application of efficient measures for their preservation,—their arrangement in a better order,—and the eliciting from them brilliant and useful lights upon the more obscure portions of the history of literature.

It has occurred to us that a rapid sketch

of the ancient literature in question, of its history, and of the means adopted to render it more generally useful, would deserve the attention of our readers.

To appreciate the full value of these documents, even beyond the limits of Scandinavia, it must be remembered, that the nations of the north, by their frequent incursions, and especially by their extensive migrations, have exercised a remarkable influence over the institutions, the manners, and the social relations of the inhabitants of the south. The literature which is about to be the object of our notice includes, therefore, independently of those portions which regard the north, several extremely valuable relics respecting the history of other nations.

Towards the end of the ninth century the kingdoms of Denmark, of Norway, and of Sweden, were formed almost at the same time from a great number of petty kingdoms. Many of the petty kings or lords incapable of maintaining the supremacy and dominion of a sovereign, and unwilling to submit to the humiliation of an inferior and subordinate station, quitted their country to seek out other lands, where they might be permitted to live in a state of independence.

It was especially from Norway where in a very brief space of time the King Harold Haarfager, (Harold of the beautiful hair) rendered himself absolute sovereign, that a great number of families emigrated, distinguished for their power and for a very advanced state of relative civilization. The greater portion of these emigrants established themselves in Iceland. There, every lord, or rather every labourer, was the master over his own territory, and governed as an independent chief, his family and his servants.

This aristocratical republican confederation existed during a period of four centuries.

Even before the emigrating epoch, traditions existed in great numbers and were pretty generally spread. The new inhabitants of Iceland naturalized in this island the historical songs which compose the first Edda, a work of very great antiquity, and a great quantity of other traditions both mythological and historical. They carried with them the Poems of Braga, of Stoerkodd, and of several other poets celebrated in subsequent writings. Unhappily, but few fragments of these works have been handed down to our times.

The perfect liberty enjoyed in Iceland, the isolated situation of that island, far from the countries which were the usual theatre of the wars, which in those discordant times were incessantly generating,—much leisure—the length of the evenings during winters of eight months—all these circumstances contributed to keep alive a taste for poetry, history, and for literature in general,—fruitful germs which had been introduced by the refugees. It was necessary to voyage to Norway and Denmark for several necessities which the isle did not produce; navigation was commenced for various commercial undertakings, while on the other hand the young people made voyages from motives of curiosity, and on their return related what they had seen and learned.

Their countrymen listened to their narrations with pleasure, national pride excited and developed the genius of the people, and the Icelandic poets became illustrious during many centuries. The northern languages at that period differed but slightly from each other, and the Icelandic poet traversed the three kingdoms of Scandinavia, and all the countries which border on the Baltic sea; he even went as far as Holland, England, and Scotland, and in all these places he was understood, sought after, and rewarded; bringing from them traditions and recitals which afforded the subjects of new works.

The propagation of Christianity established relations and communications of another order; the Icelandic poets were necessarily observant of foreign literature, and unforeseen conjunctures rendered them historical authors. Thus originated the 'Sagas.' The word *saga* (or *saying*) has a very extensive signification. This name is given to historical narratives, written fictions, and in fact to the whole of the ancient literature, which is the subject of our present paper. To this almost general designation, is added the name of the most remarkable of the personages, whose real or fictitious history form the subject of the narration. In the *sagas* were written, not merely the annals of the then present times, but also the principal traditions relating to earlier periods, and even to the most remote antiquity, and the mysteries of the abandoned religion. From these writings the learned historiographers of our own times, Messrs. de Suhm and Schoningh, have derived their best materials for their ancient histories of Denmark and Norway.

These *sagas*, the favourite productions of Icelandic genius, soon became a national treasure. They were read at every general meeting, and in every family. Their perusal for more than ten centuries, formed, and still continues, a favourite pastime—a practice to which we owe the preservation of these works which exist even in greater numbers than the historical books of Greece and Rome. As regards its antiquity, no nation is possessed of so considerable a library as the Icelanders, among whom there is scarcely a single family without a collection of sagas, and several have as many as three or four hundred.

A surprising, but settled fact, and which may be easily verified, is that the primitive language of all the northern countries, and which is there no longer understood, has been accurately preserved in Iceland, where every Icclander still speaks the language of the sagas, and where those whose minds have been somewhat cultivated, explain with facility the ancient poetry which so much embarrasses many of the learned of our own country.

The sagas may be classed after the following manner, viz. :—

1ST DIVISION. *Historical Sagas*, which treat of historical events.

1st Section. The History of Iceland, and of the other Isles of the Northern Sea.

2nd Section. The History of the Scandinavian People.

2ND DIVISION. *Romantic and Mythological Sagas*, which contain traditions cor-



cerning ages anterior to the historical eras. Real events without doubt form the basis of these productions, but the long lapse of time between the occurrence of the facts and the narration of them will not allow them to be admitted without great circumspection and severe criticism, as authentic documents.

**3RD DIVISION.** *Sagas on the Greek and Roman History.*—These for the greater part are mere translations.

**4TH DIVISION.** *Sagas concerning Chivalry.*—These works are principally taken or imitated from French, English, or German authors. The greater part were made by the order of the Norwegian King Hakon Hakonson.

A considerable number of sagas were composed by monks; others owe their existence to learned Icelanders. The names of their authors are now almost entirely unknown.

The sagas were written on calf skins, very slightly prepared. Time and the constant use of these writings have rendered their perusal a matter of extreme difficulty. It is only since the sixteenth century that paper has been substituted for calf skin.

Many of the original writings have been lost. Copies and copies of copies have succeeded them, and thus the text of many has suffered more or less alteration.

At the commencement of the last century the learned Icelandic antiquary, Arne Magnusson, who saw these losses with deep regret, became anxiously desirous of saving the precious relics which yet remained, and sacrificed his time and a great part of his fortune in travelling over all parts of the island, for the purpose of collecting together the greatest possible number of original sagas. He died in 1730, leaving this collection to the state, with a small sum of money for the reimbursement of the expenses necessary for their publication. It is composed of 1554 manuscripts, and proves how much may be accomplished by a single man inspired with a zealous love of science.

But at that epoch, no general interest was taken in matters relating to antiquity, and next to nothing was done towards seconding and accomplishing the wishes of the founder. It was only in 1772 that the Danish government instituted a commission for the publication of the principal works in the collection, intitled *Arnæ Magnæenne*.

This commission commenced its labours, which did not produce a speedy result. Several of the works thus published have appeared in our own time. They bear with them the proofs of all the erudition and care which might have been expected from the united exertions of such men as Thorlacius, Verlaux, Magnusson, and Muller; but their zeal was necessarily checked by other occupations and difficulties, and in this state of things, single volumes of these writings, so ardently desired by every lover of historical remains, occasionally appearing at long intervals, were the utmost that could be expected.

It is the same with the publication of the famous work of Snorro Sturleson. The publication of this ancient historical chef-d'œuvre was commenced by order of the king in 1768. The sixth volume (in folio, in three

languages, Icelandic, Danish, and Latin) has only lately made its appearance, although the munificence of Christian VII. and Frederic VI. furnished the necessary means for the indemnification of the learned editors, and for the payment of the costs of publication.

In 1824, the learned professor, Dr. Rafn, being desirous of contributing to the fulfilment of the almost general anxiety to witness the publication of the Sagas, united for that purpose with the Icelanders, Drs. Brynjulfson, Egilson, and Gudmundson. The plan of proceeding, adopted by these gentlemen, was announced, and men of letters and lovers of ancient history were invited to second their efforts. The appeal was not useless. It was addressed to all who were partial to the study of antiquity, and who were desirous of investigating, at its source, the history of their country. A few months following, on the anniversary of the king's birth-day, was founded the Society of Ancient Northern Manuscripts (*Nordiske Oldskrift Selskab*).

It is the intention of this society to ascertain, by very severe critical examination, the true original text of the Sagas, to preserve it without alteration, and to render an acquaintance with it general. The society further interests itself in every thing calculated to throw light upon the ancient northern history, and upon the language and antiquities of the northern countries.

Scarcely three years have elapsed since the establishment of this society, and it has already obtained a character calculated to inspire the most absolute confidence in its proceedings. Its labours proceed with great activity. It is at the present time composed of one hundred and forty-five members, with whom are associated, thirty-seven foreigners and forty-five correspondents. Professor Rask is the president; the Chevalier d'Abrahamson, the king's aide-de-camp, the vice president; and Professor Rafn, the secretary. The latter gentlemen, with Messrs. Egilson and Gudmundson, compose the committee, specially employed in editing and publishing the papers. They have very recently suffered a deep loss by the death of Dr. Brynjulfson.

For the attainment of the original text, application is made to the collection of Arne Magnusson previously mentioned, and the collections in the extensive Copenhagen libraries; recourse is also had to the Stockholm library, and manuscripts are occasionally brought from Iceland. The works are published in three series, viz. one in the Icelandic tongue, intitled, *Fornmanna Sögur*; one in Danish: *Oednordiske Sagaer*; and a third in Latin: *Scripta Historica Islandorum de rebus gestis veterum borealium latine reddita et apparatu critico instructa curante societate antiquariorum septentrionali*. The two last are translations from the first.

One volume (consisting of from twenty-five to thirty sheets) of each of the three series, is to appear every year. The society has been engaged only for a space of three years, and three volumes of the first, and three of the second have already made their appearance. Of the third series, the first volume only has been published, the second is in the press, and the third is nearly concluded. About

two thousand copies are printed of every volume.

To extend the knowledge of this collection, the society have directed that the Danish series should be sold at a lower price than the ordinary value, and the Icelandic series is reduced to a fourth of the price.

The three first volumes contain the saga of the Norwegian King Olaf Trygreson, and several little sagas concerning people who lived at the same time.

The saga of Olaf Trygreson is one of the most precious. This prince experienced many strange vicissitudes; his life and his reign present a continuity of surprising events, which are related in a style remarkably animated and picturesque. This saga is one of the best sources which can be consulted for information relative to the establishment of the Christian religion, and to the struggle which it had to sustain against the superstition of Odin and Thor. It also presents some curious information respecting England, Germany, and Russia, countries in which the king had resided, when necessitated to quit his own territory. This saga is consequently one of those most in estimation among the Icelanders, and it has equally attracted the attention of learned foreigners.

The society have commenced their labours by the publication of works included in the second section of the first division, according to the classification previously given. This collection will be continued to its close, when the first section of the same division will become the object of attention.

## ORIGINAL.

### THE SPECTRE HARP.

'Twas moonlight when I found myself within  
The desert-palace of the dead enchanter;  
But though the sorcerer was himself no more,  
Enough of splendour and of charm remained  
To tempt a mind less fanciful than mine,  
To penetrate the secrets of his dwelling;  
But the mysterious lustre of the light,  
The ghastly glimmering of expiring beams,  
Which an unhallowed magic still shot forth;  
The deathlike silence, and the dubious sounds  
At intervals disturbing it; the shade  
Which hung about in spots; the hidden spells  
Which I might waken to my own destruction;  
The thousand echoes that my footsteps gave,  
As they were passing through the lonely chambers;

The gloomy hour which I had chosen to  
Pursue my search—soon gave me such an awe  
As almost turned me from my enterprise.  
Never in all my wanderings had I roamed  
With such a nerveless bosom;—but the hope  
Of meeting some new pleasure upon earth—  
Some new Elysium which I here might find,  
Kept urging me still onward; till at length  
I stopped, exhausted;—the oppressive perfume  
Of blighted odours dying in the air  
Grew so infectious, that I gasped for breath  
With difficulty; pausing to recover,  
A current of fresh air streamed by my face,  
When, turning to the crevice whence it issued,  
In the same line, along the ivory pavement,  
I saw with joy a streak of radiance lie,  
Too bright for any sorcery to have caused;  
Hastening towards the outlet whence it came,  
I felt my hand touch something loose and silken,  
When, suddenly, the drapery flew aside,  
And there lay pictured Paradise before me!  
That scene will e'er be present to my sight:  
With the effulgence of affection's smile



The eye of Dian shone, so bright, no star  
Was visible; the firmament was speckless,  
One lake of azure hue, so clear, that earth,  
But for the distance, had been there reflected;  
And not unworthily, for earth just then  
Looked a most lovely solitude, so holy,  
And hushed in such benign serenity,  
That had I known not angels never die,  
And pure souls never rest in sepulchres,  
I should have thought it Eden's cemetery.

I had been leaning on the balustrade,  
Contemplating this prototype of Heaven,  
And now was moving down the terrace, viewing  
The fairy edifice of the enchanter,  
When a sweet, low, uncertain, soothing sound  
Stole on mine ear, and, listening, methought  
I heard a female singing,—in an instant  
The passionate visions of my brain returned,  
The shape which my romantic thoughts had pic-  
tured,

Appeared to beckon me. 'At length,' cried I  
Within myself, 'that beauteous being comes  
To realize the idol of my fancy!'—  
And on I hastened with elated heart:  
A flight of steps conducted to the palace,  
With eager pace I skimmed each velvet stair,  
And was about to rush towards the sound,  
When suddenly it ceased; the gallery  
To which the sound had lured me, led the way  
To numerous apartments, but in them  
No voice was audible; I heard, in one,  
The solitary gushing of a fountain;  
But all besides were desolate and mute.  
Appalled, I sought again the terrace; there  
I found the open casement of a chamber,  
Where music's sound invited me to enter;  
A harp was in the centre of the floor,  
Playing a requiem for the enchanter's spirit;  
And, oh! so exquisitely did it throb,  
So plaintively its moanings did appeal  
To my heart's sympathy for its absent master,  
So well it seemed to feel the strains it breathed,  
So sensibly, so tenderly it sighed  
Over the memory of departed hours,  
That, fascinated by its melody,  
I made an effort to embrace it, when  
A voice, in a sepulchral tone, exclaimed,  
'The spell is on that harp!' and instantly,  
Changing itself into a skeleton,  
It sprang upon me with a bony grasp—  
A sickly shuddering came upon my frame,  
The blood ran coldly rippling down my veins,  
Till, in convulsive struggles, I awoke,  
With an appalling shriek of agony,  
And found—I had been dreaming. SFORZA.

## ON QUOTABLE VOLUMES.

A book should resemble the polypus, of  
which, cut it into as many portions as you  
please, each section still possesses vitality  
and becomes a perfect little creation. There  
cannot be a more certain test of the merit of  
a book than its capability of affording nume-  
rous and apposite quotations. The reason  
of this is obvious. Vigorous and beautiful  
passages will always attract the notice and  
impress the memory of the attentive reader,  
and when in conversation or literary compo-  
sition analagous subjects are started, they  
present themselves, and the mind spontane-  
ously adopts them as conveying its sentiments  
in a manner superior to that which its own  
capabilities can afford. Shakspeare, Pope,  
Byron, and Moore are peculiarly fertile in  
quotable passages. It has been somewhere  
observed that there is scarcely a transaction  
even in the common and daily concerns of  
life which may not be appositely illustrated  
by a passage from Don Juan; and indeed  
from my own involuntary experience, I am  
quite convinced that the observation is lite-  
rally just. A friend, with whom I am in

daily personal communication, who never  
read Byron, nor any other poetical author,  
tells me that he is as well acquainted with  
Don Juan as those who have perused and  
re-perused the volume from title-page to tail-  
piece, and that his knowledge is derived  
merely from my never-ceasing quotations.  
I account for my habit of more frequently  
recurring to this work than to any other, by  
the fact that it abounds in observations upon  
familiar objects and transactions above al-  
most any other production with which I am  
acquainted. It is seasoned, too, with much  
acute yet delicate satire, and thus, perhaps,  
in some measure gratifies a lurking feeling  
with which even the best natures are occa-  
sionally familiar. This, too, will account for  
the fact that Milton is but rarely quoted.  
His subject and his reflections are too sub-  
lime for frequent recurrence. He will stand  
the test as well, perhaps, as the others, but  
the mind must excite itself to a painful pitch  
of elevation before the memory can reproduce  
his dignified and unearthly thoughts and  
mode of expression. M. C.

## THE DRAMA.

THE Christmas pantomimes demand some  
little description at our hands, and although  
we were last week bold enough to publish a  
*just* censure—the severest of all kinds of cen-  
sure—on the conduct of the gods, we are not  
disposed to withhold from them that species  
of amusement, which at this unruly season  
allows them full opportunity for venting that  
boisterous mirth which has no respect for the  
enjoyments of the rational. At Drury-Lane  
and Covent-Garden, however, the noise was  
not quite so deafening as heretofore, and con-  
sequently some parts of the tragedies, *Bar-  
barossa* and *Isabella*, were partially heard.  
At the Cobourg Theatre, the extreme broad  
humour or vulgarity of the audience, led them  
to indulge in throwing orange peelings, till  
the stage was nearly covered, and the musi-  
cians, in self-defence, were compelled to play  
with their hats on. Mr. Rowbotham at  
length came forward and told the audience  
that it would be impossible to commence the  
performances while such behaviour continued,  
which had the effect of putting an end to the  
nuisance. It is not our intention to dwell  
upon any of the entertainments at the minor  
theatres, some of which were stupid enough,  
but as any thing serves to attract at this sea-  
son, the Adelphi, the West London, the  
Surrey, and the Cobourg, were all crammed  
to suffocation.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—At Drury Lane  
the pantomime produced is called *Harlequin  
and Cock Robin; or the Babes in the Wood*.  
The early part is occupied in representing the  
tragical tale of the Babes in the Wood, and su-  
pernatural agency is employed for the insti-  
gation of the murder, in which the Genii of  
Gloom and Destruction figure very promi-  
nently. The transformations take place in  
the sixth scene, (the Elysium of Innocence,)   
when Sir Roland, the cruel uncle (Barnes)  
is changed into Pantaloon; the murderer  
(Southby) and a female innkeeper (Usher)  
into Clowns; Walter the carpenter (Howell)

into Harlequin, and Deborah Rose, an inn-  
keeper's daughter (Miss Ryall) into Colum-  
bine. They then figure away, but by what  
impulse, or with what object it is difficult to  
discover, unless to go through the usual rou-  
tine of pantomimic tricks and wonders. Stan-  
field has again distinguished himself by the  
style in which he has painted many of the  
scenes, and there are several, by other artists,  
which will not bear strict criticism. Towards  
the close, Mr. Herr Cline danced on the tight  
rope, Mr. Blackmore, on the slack wire, and  
two other performers went through several as-  
tonishing and apparently dangerous evolu-  
tions with two long poles, to the terror of part  
of the audience, and to the delight of the  
others. The pantomime was announced for  
repetition amidst very general applause.

COVENT GARDEN.—In introducing *Har-  
lequin and Number Nip of the Giant Moun-  
tain*, we must observe that Nip is the name  
of an imp or gnome of considerable influence  
in the popular traditions of Germany. Num-  
ber Nip is enamoured of Princess Brinhilda  
(Miss Egan), by whom he is dreaded and  
hated, and whom, by his magical powers,  
he contrives to allure into a dangerous pass  
in the mountains, when he carries her off to  
his subterraneous abode. She has been be-  
trothed to Nangpo Rattibo (Mr. Ellar), a  
Chinese prince, who, by passing unheeded  
all the temptations and dangers with which  
his path is beset, dissolves the enchantment  
and sets her at liberty. Number Nip (E.  
Parsloe) is about to take revenge, when  
Chrystilla, the fairy of the fountain, inter-  
poses, saves them from his malice, but re-  
fuses to unite them till they have given proofs  
of mutual constancy. They are then changed  
into Harlequin and Columbine, when the  
father of the princess, Longo-heado, (T.  
Blanchard,) and Pap-pee (J. S. Grimaldi) her  
old nurse, are metamorphosed into Pantaloon  
and Clown, and then commence the pan-  
tomimic operations, which continue through  
hair-breadth escapes and mighty dangers, and  
eventually end like all adventures of this kind.  
The scenery is sufficiently described, by say-  
ing it equals in splendour and beauty, any  
which ever illustrated a pantomime at this  
theatre. The Giant Mountain, the Palace of  
Number Nip, the Suspension Bridge, at  
Hammersmith, the inside of the Coliseum,  
the View of London, the Thames, at Rother-  
hithe, and the Grotto of the Dolphin, are  
among the best specimens, and add, if possi-  
ble, to the 'fair fame' of Messrs. Grieve.  
There is also a panoramic view including the  
passage of Gibraltar, the port of Navarino,  
and a representation of the late naval engage-  
ment. The whole of the machinery was well  
contrived, and worked to magical nicety.  
The tricks are not worth detailing; they are  
few and not very remarkable. Those who  
have seen the astonishing performances of  
Mr. E. Parsloe, need only be told that he  
has lost none of his elasticity; he can do  
more as a posture-master than any man we  
ever beheld—he is (if it be no libel) a *lusus  
naturæ*. The whole of the performers exerted  
themselves zealously, and generally deserve  
commendation. Our great delight on these  
occasions, is to witness the hearty enjoyment



of unsophisticated childhood, and this pantomime will at least contribute to the festive merriment of the youth of every rank in society.—It must continue popular.

### FINE ARTS.

*John Burnet, Author of Practical Hints on Painting, &c.* Engraved by CHARLES FOX, from a Drawing by S. P. DENNING. Moon and Co.

MR. BURNET is favourably known to the admirers of art, as a successful disciple of the school of Wilkie, also as an excellent engraver, and we have no doubt that they will be equally pleased with ourselves, to become acquainted with the 'kind o' countenance' of a man of unquestionably high talent. It is a clever and very expressive head, and is extremely well engraved, in a spirited and somewhat unusual style. We are not personally acquainted with Mr. Burnet, but it is scarcely possible to believe this portrait to be other than a very good likeness.

### VARIETIES.

*Foreign Names of English Singers.*—The public of the present day seem to attach so much importance to a name, that it is now absolutely necessary for singers either to Italianize or Frenchify their names, before they can hope to make any impression upon the town. For instance, last season we had Mr. O'Kelly assuming the name of Zuchelli, and Mr. Cox dignified by the appellation of Signor Galli, (galli being the nominative plural of the Latin substantive gallus, a cock.) This season, the managers of the winter theatres appear to have discovered that there is something in a name, for there is Madame Sala at Covent Garden, and Madame Feron at Drury Lane, whom, by the by, I should be equally glad to hear singing under her real and more homely name of Mrs. Glossop. I am unable to account, in any reasonable manner, for this foreignizing of names. Is it that we have so mean an opinion of the ability of our national singers, that we cannot hope for any thing excellent, unless the candidate for public favour bears some outlandish name, which betokens that he is not one of our countrymen? The prevailing taste has been for some time for foreign articles, foreign gloves, foreign lace, &c.; but I had hoped that we should have been spared the endurance of foreign actors. Last season I was much alarmed by the introduction to the English stage of M. Laporte, a gentleman whom, from his foreign accent, I was nearly unable to understand, and I began to fear, that in the course of a short time, we should be doomed to sit and hear our good old English plays rendered unintelligible to the natives, by the pronunciation of foreign actors. I am, however, happy to see that the managers have shown wisdom, at least, in one particular, namely, in the non-engagement of this French artist, who, though he is perhaps a very respectable actor on the other side of the water, as a performer of English cannot be wanted either at Drury Lane or the Haymarket. It will perhaps be urged against what I have written, that as our actors have received so hearty a welcome in Paris, it is but

just that we should in return support the actors of France. Very true: but let them act in their own language and in their own plays, and then they will be amusing. I am glad to find that the English Opera House is to be appropriated to French performances, and I hope that they will meet with as liberal support as the English actors have experienced in Paris.

*Population and Consumption.*—The relative comparison between population and consumption, for the two periods of 1795 and 1825, produces the following results:—

1795. Population, 8,300,000.—Consumption,	
Wine.....	7,740,992 Gallons
British Spirits ..	5,184,102 ditto
Foreign ditto....	3,545,920 ditto
Malt .....	28,661,374 Bushels
Beer .....	7,110,268 Barrels
1825. Population, 11,200,000.—Consumption,	
Wine.....	4,912,740 Gallons
British Spirits ..	1,222,094 ditto
Foreign ditto....	3,701,969 ditto
Malt .....	25,151,508 Bushels
Beer .....	7,207,587 Barrels.

This decrease may be assigned by some to improved moral habits, which, in a slight degree, may be true; but it might more rationally be ascribed to the several heavy and increased duties which took place during the above specified thirty years.—*M. Herald.*

A book has been published at Paris, declaring the miracle of the apparition of a cross, a Migné, near Poitiers, on the 17th December, 1826, (noticed in *The Literary Chronicle* of the present year,) to be an imposture. The author of this exposure is the Abbé de la Neufoille.

### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
Dec. 21	45	47	45	29 66	Cloudy.
..... 22	49	50	47	.. 48	Fair.
..... 23	44	46	48	.. 95	Fair.
..... 24	50	51	42	.. 80	Rain.
..... 25	44	46	45	30 38	Fair.
..... 26	48	51	46	.. 48	Fair.
..... 27	48	51	41	.. 46	Fair.

### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE next year's volume of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE will be printed on a larger paper, so as to admit of an increase of matter, without diminishing the size of the type; which will be equal, to giving a Duplicate Sheet every twelfth number.

The necessity of completing several articles with the annual volume, must excuse us, with our correspondents and advertising friends, for any apparent want of attention.

*PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.*—Designs for Villas, by J. G. Jackson, adapted to the Vicinity of the Metropolis.—The third and fourth volumes of Mr. Cradock's Memoirs.—The Masque, or Prose and Verse, from new and original Sources.—Mr. Thoms has announced another part of his Early Prose Romances.

*WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.*—Franklin's Present State of Hay, 10s. 6d.—Dr. Sytter's Memoirs of Canning, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Cuthbert, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 51. 8s. 6d.—Dublin Dissector, 8s.—United States of America as they are, 7s. 6d.—Peele's Acts by Archibald, with Forms and Evidence, 12mo. 13s. 6d.—Lardner's Lectures on the Steam-Engine, 7s. 6d.—Patterson's Lectures on the Common Prayer, 5s.—The Antidote, or Memoirs of a Modern Free-thinker, 2 vols. 9s.

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A new Class for the French Language will commence early in January.

The half-yearly Tickets for the Members will be ready for delivery on Tuesday, January 1. Terms of Subscription, including the use of the Reading Room, Library of Circulation, Classes, Lectures, &c. £2 per Annum, payable half-yearly.

Ladies Tickets of Admission to the Lectures only, £1 per Annum. By Order of the Committee, Dec. 24, 1827. G. STACY, Secretary.

**BENT'S MONTHLY LITERARY ADVERTISER.**—On the 10th of JANUARY will be published, No. 273, of the above Paper, also, a Supplementary Number for the Year 1827, which will contain a complete Alphabetical List of all the new Works published in London, from January to December, 1827 inclusive, with their Sizes and Prices.

THE LITERARY ADVERTISER (established in 1805) is filed with almost every respectable Bookseller, also in most of the Public Libraries, Reading Rooms, &c. &c. in the Kingdom, where Gentlemen resident in the Country, and who wish to subscribe to the same, may have an opportunity of inspecting the Paper, and judging of the utility of its information.

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On the 31st will be published,

### BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CXXXIV. for January, 1828.

CONTENTS:—I. Christmas Dreams.—II. Christmas Presents.—III. The Bachelor's Beat; No. 3. The Bachelor's Christmas.—IV. Battle of Navarino.—V. The Causes of the Decline of the British Drama.—VI. Trials of Temper. By the Ettrick Shepherd.—VII. Moralitas. By the same.—VIII. Notes of a Journey in the Kingdom of Kerry.—IX. Chapters on Churchyards. Chap. 13. The Haunted Churchyard.—X. British Africa.—Sierra Leone. Report of the Parliamentary Commissioners. By James M'Queen, Esq.—XI. Projected Cathedral at Liverpool.—XII. Managers of the Opera.—XIII. Military Uniforms.—XIV. Steam-Carriages.—XV. Health and Longevity.—XVI. Noctes Ambrosianae; No. 35.

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### THE BRITISH MAGAZINE of LITERATURE, RELIGION, and PHILOSOPHY.

CONTENTS:—I. On Periodical Literature.—II. Review.—Chronicles of Canongate, by Sir Walter Scott.—III. Poetry.—Music of the Spheres.—IV. On Prejudice in Philosophy.—V. Poetry.—Ode to the Poppy, by Lady O'Neil.—VI. Confessions of an Infidel, Part I.—VII. Nugæ Literariæ, No. I.—VIII. Toplady's Marginal Notes on Wesley, (never before published,) with Comments.—IX. Poetry.—A Christmas Chant.—X. Modern Materialism, a Review of Thought not a Function of the Brains.—XI. On the Structure and Economy of Glow Worm.—XII. Poetry.—A Sea-shore Reverie, Stanzas for Music.—XIII. An Epitaph, by James Montgomery, Esq.—XIV. Review.—Philosophical Evidence of Christianity, by Renn Hampden.—XV. An Examination of certain Opinions advanced in the writings of Dr. Adam Clarke, LL.D., &c.—XVI. Critical Notices of New Works, including the Annual Presents.—XVII. Scientific Notices, Literary and Philosophical Intelligence, List of Books just published, &c. &c. &c.

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